

More: Prologue - The Prophecy

by Paicon RMF

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Summary: The prologue to my new series! Just the prophecy. No action yet.

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More Prologue - The Prophecy By Paige

(AN: My first attempt at a serious FanFic! Don't laugh, I'm serious! Okay, anyway, I was getting bored of writing humor stories, even if I'm good at it. It just wore on me after a while, you know? So here it is, my first real serious FanFic that isn't a crossover! Yippee! By the way, kismet means fate or destiny! And it's really in the dictionary! It's my new favorite word! Ciao and read on!)

Disclaimer: *BEEEEP* This is a real disclaimer. Paige unfortunately does not own Digimon. We know this is upsetting to you, but life will continue. Do not sue her; it is useless. The most expensive thing you would get out of it would be a PlayStation game and allergy medicine. Had this been a test, it wouldn't have been real. *BEEEEP*

'The DigiDestined will have been separated for nearly half a year, two groups for months and months. They have been fighting separate evils, but there will be an evil that threatens, an evil which will be more powerful than any other before them.

The two groups will separate again, and each will find a part of the other group true to the lines. The eye will find the sun. The heart will seek a star. The hurricane will uncover a blossom. The arrow will hit its target. A tear will fall to the moon. The flower will be blown into the wind. The cross will be covered by the waves. The smallest sun will creep over the pyramid.

They will travel and travel, finding their way to the ends of the world and back again until they are reunited as one. They will need courage to love, friendship for life, knowledge with spirit, sincere compassion, reliable strength, light of hope, a silly understanding,

and an honorable faith.

It's kismet, fate, destiny.

Like they needed the crests before, they will need the stones, and as with the crests, evil will try to prevent it. In the darkest cave, shining hope will break the darkness. A clear light will shine through the darkness. A clear faith will be in the cave of light. They will need reliability in the cave of dark red, and strength to pull the orange sun outside. They'll need honor towards the dragon's stone, and friendship in the yellow grotto. The lovely aquamarine water will be parted by spirit, and the emerald forest will be navigated by love. Turquoise waters will be led by compassion, and the dark blue cave will be traveled through with understanding. A fiery red to match the courage, in the silly light pink morning light. When the purple night sky with burning sincerity, giving way to the light blue day sky full of light, the blue tides will wash up with knowledge.

Now with the stones, there is utter doom, for their demise awaits them at the world end. One by one they will die, 'til two are left alone to cry: the light of hope and the hope of light. Life is ever hopeful, reliable to a friend. Faith is courageous. They have love for the honor of it, sincere compassion. Knowledge for power in the honorable light, the courageous spirit with the strength of the silly. A friend to understanding, the understanding compassion, and the silliness of the spirit, with the spirit of the light and the compassion for hope. Light is there for hope, and hope is there for light.

As they fall one by one, a miracle occurs. Their partners become bigger, better, more. And when the miracle of the angels occurs last, the greatest miracle of all will occur.

Be kind, please rewind.'

End
file.